

# Kunta Fly Shit

## Ghostface Killah

Yo Lord did you peep that  
That nigga pussy, that's why I'm goin' eat that  
Live and direct, five Tec's, med hat  
Hugh Hef' rows, bang on that out of town nigga cause the UFO  
Patiently press upon him  
Ask him, "who you know? where you from?  
What's up Duke?" Watch how you pop ya gum  
Empty ya pockets 'fore the cops come  
When I bus take off past the light that ass better Run  
An' don't look back (no), hide if you have to  
Dollar vans, just Run into boats if he have to  
Even got a .38, don't give me no hassle  
When that little brown book in your pocket read Mathew's  
Jesus Christ, brothers around here stick together like cheap rice  
So Run little doggy, wolves is comin'  
Tell him London, he get done in  
Flame boy to his brains, hangin' out his onion

Songwriters

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